

The Saturday Evening Post.

WHOLE No. 140.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 3, 1824.

Vol. III.—No. 14.

Published by ATKINSON & ALEXANDER, No. 55 MARKET STREET, three doors below Second street, at \$2 per annum, payable half yearly in advance; or \$3 if not paid during the year.—ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the customary price.



FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

To her who can understand them.

Oh, thou who sing'st so sweet a strain,
Why muse so much in sadness?
Yet still, thou fair one, sing again,
But sometimes sing in gladness.

Or would it be unkind to ask,
Thus much of one in sorrow?
We fain would aid the gentle task,
And comfort for the sorrow.

From pleasant mirth, devoid of guile,
And joy's delightful measure,
From youthful hope and reason's smile,
And well-improved leisure.

From these, and every promise kind,
We'd cull the fairest flowers,
And form a tearless wreath to bind,
Around thy lonely hours.

For we have anxious wish'd and long,
To know thee, gentle fair one,
And if we ask of thee in song,
Wouldst thou think it an unfair dun?

So once—and will the unfair M.
With four besides now spell it?
Nay fear not—nor too soon condemn;
We do not mean to tell it.

We prize too much the gentle strain,
To offer wrong unto thee,
Or even dare to hint again,
That we so much as knew thee.

Sing then, and tho' so much in grief,
Ah! sometimes sing of gladness;
For drops that bathe the lily's leaf,
Should not be always sadness.

And welcome still, tho' all unknown,
Thou'st been for many winters;
And may we trust thou'lt not disown
This tribute from the PRINTERS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SORROW'S FRIEND.

When deep depression sinks the mind,
When e'en the enliven'd bosom find
A source of sweet repose!
Say what can heal the restless heart,
Inflicted on the human breast,
By life's corroding woes?

Dear Religion, from thee we know,
A thousand pleasures flow;
Thou' art the source of joy,
A thousand joys, a thousand smiles,
Nurture a home of peace on earth,
And life's still for Heaven.

ELLEN.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE MAID I ADORE.

Ye winds, bear some balm to my ear,
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ence, and constitute the approbation of his fellow mortals? Then, with all his wisdom, he is but half learned. He has not learned the value of his own nature. He does not know, "that man's heart is a holy thing." It does not follow, by any means, that because a man reads much, and thinks profoundly, and feels keenly, and is gifted with a bright and creative fancy, it does not follow, that he should be thrown out of the region, and the reach of human sympathies. The truly wise man will estimate and cherish them; and then the stores of his mind will be sources of added enjoyment, and his wisdom will not prove his sorrow.

So it is with the knowledge of the evil that is in the world. Though it may be perverted to harden the heart and blunt the moral sensibilities of its possessor, yet it may also be made to increase his happiness. If he has formed for himself correct principles of action, and is thoroughly convinced that virtue is the greatest good, he will not, on the one hand, be corrupted by bad influences, and on the other, his knowledge of the forms and ways of vice will enable him to guard himself more effectually from its power, than if he were ignorant of its devices.

Examples might be multiplied; but the considerations already advanced, will abundantly justify the conclusion, that instead of discouraging, religion commends and stimulates mental exertion, and is friendly to the cause of intellectual improvement. We are called on, therefore, as we regard the dignity of our nature, the interests of virtue, our own happiness, and the happiness of our fellow-beings to push our researches after knowledge to the utmost, and to use every means in our power to communicate instruction, to enlighten the uninformed, and spread abroad the mandates of reason and truth. We must not heed the cry of prejudice, we must not fear the threats of bigotry, and we must not listen to the selfish whispers of a short sighted policy; because it is our sacred duty to go with ardour, confidence and resolution, in maintaining, as ably as we may, the claims and rights of the human mind.

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has been no general change in the organization of the human frame, since Pliny's time, nor before. Hence the conclusion that he was misinformed in this particular, or else that some body has endeavoured to pass off, under his name, a piece of curious information which is quite erroneous.

COLLECTANEA.

WOMAN.

Why, indeed, had woman her existence, but to dignify, and ennoble it by superior employments? When does she appear to so much advantage, as when surrounded in her nursery by a train of prattlers, or, when she is pouring out the milk of health to inanimate the frame and constitution of another? When is her snowy bosom half so serene, or when thrills it with such innocent and pleasing rapture, as in the silent moments of domestic attention, or those attitudes of undisturbed love? What painter, wandering with a creative fancy over the exhaustless riches of nature, can give us—enchanting and delightful a picture in so elegant a frame? What pleasure of the senses, the drawing-room, or masquerade, can vie in splendour with these more retired, maternal satisfactions? And when can woman ever be said to consult the real dignity and happiness of her sex, but when she is thus conscientiously discharging her duty to the man to whom she has pledged at the altar of God, her vows and affections?

THE WIFE.

An eloquent author thus describes the solacing tenderness of his partner in life's joys and vicissitudes:—

"At a time, alas! when every thing displeased me, when every object was disgusting, when my sufferings had destroyed all the energy and vigor of my soul, when grief had shut from my streaming eyes the beauties of Nature, and rendered the whole universe a dreary tomb, the kind attentions of a wife were capable of conveying a secret charm, a silent consolation to my mind. Oh! nothing can render the bowers of retirement so serene and comfortable, or can so sweetly soften all our woes, as a conviction that woman is not indifferent to our fate."

The Progress of Old Age in New Studies.

Socrates learned to play on musical instruments in his old age; Cato, at eighty, thought proper to learn Greek; and Plutarch, almost as late in life, Latin.

Theophrastus began his admirable work on the Characters of Men, at the extreme age of ninety. He only terminated his literary labours by his death.

Peter Ronsard, one of the fathers of French poetry, applied himself late to study. His acute genius, and ardent application, rivalled those poetic models which he admired; and Boccaccio was thirty-five years of age when he commenced his studies in polite literature.

The great Arnold retained the vigour of his genius, at the command of his pen, to his last day; and at the age of eighty-two was still the great Arnold.

Sir Henry Spelman neglected the sciences in youth, but cultivated them at fifty years of age, and produced good fruit. His early years were chiefly passed in farming, which greatly diverted him from his studies; but a remarkable disappointment respecting a contested estate, disgusted him with these rustic occupations; resolved to attach himself to regular studies, and literary society, he sold his farms, and became the most learned antiquary and lawyer.

Colbert, the famous French minister, almost at sixty, returned to his Latin and law studies.

Tellier, the chancellor of France, learned logic, merely for an amusement, to dispute with his grandchildren.

Dr. Johnson applied himself to the Dutch language but a few years before his death. The Marquis de Saint Aulaire, at the age of seventy, began to court the muses, and they crowned him with their freshest flowers. The verses of this French Anacreon are full of fire, delicacy, and sweetness.

Chaucer's Canterbury tales were the composition of his latest years they were begun in his fifty-fourth year, and finished in his sixty-first.

Ludovico Mondalisco, a true extraordinary age of 115, wrote the memoirs of his times. A singular exertion, noticed by Voltaire, who himself is one of the most remarkable instances of the progress of age in new studies.

The most delightful of autobiographies for artists, is that of Benvenuto Cellini; a work of great originality, which was not begun till the clock of his age had struck fifty-eight.

Koonhorst began at forty to learn the Latin and Greek languages, of which he became a master; several students, who afterwards distinguished themselves, have commenced as late in life their literary pursuits. Ogilby the translator of Homer and Virgil, knew little of Latin or Greek till he was past fifty; and Franklin's philosophical pursuits began when he had nearly reached his fiftieth year.

THE MOCKING BIRD.

"In my solitary but smiling ramble over these delightful prairies, I now for the first time in my life, notwithstanding my long residence and peregrinations in North America, I have been permitted to hear the meek bird (*Turdus polyglottus*). After amusing myself in ludicrous imitations of the other bird, perched on the topmost bough of a spreading elm, it at length broke into a strain of melody the most wild, varied, and pathetic, that ever I had heard from any thing less than human. In the midst of these enchanting strains, which gradually increased in loudness, it sometimes flew upwards from the topmost twig, continuing its note as if overpowered by the sublimest ecstasy."

(Nuttall's Travels.)

DREAMS.—To dream and to remember your dream, is a foreboding that you will not wake nor very sound asleep when you dreamed.

To tell your dream prognosticates that you might be better employed.

For a young man to dream of the ladies, foretells that he thought of them before he went to sleep.

For a young lady to dream very particularly of any certain young gentleman, foretells that she purchased her last hat to attract his attention.

To dream of a person's nose is a foreboding that you have a nose of your own if you never have lost it.

To dream of trouble is a harbinger of your having trouble while you are dreaming. To dream of happiness shows that you will probably be disappointed when you awake.

Those who extravagantly extol the superiority of the ancients, should consider that among them they had not a linen shirt, or knew the benefit of pair of spectacles.

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

A TRUE TALE.

It was on the afternoon of a lovely day in summer, a veteran Tar came whistling through the narrow lane that cuts off a considerable portion of the main road between Plymouth and Exeter, and shortens the journey of the weary traveller. There was something in his whole appearance so peculiarly interesting and neat, that the passenger, after receiving his "What cheer, what cheer?" could not refrain from turning round and cheering to take another look. Indeed that sparkling eye of good-humoured pleasantry, that countenance displaying at once the generous benevolence of his heart, was not easily passed by unnoticed, or readily forgotten. His dress consisted of a blue jacket and white trousers, a pair of black boots with black ribbons thrown carelessly back upon his head, so as to display the straggling locks of silver'd gray that flow'd beneath, and a black silk handkerchief loosely knotted round his neck, over which lay the white collar of his shirt. A short cudgel was tucked under his arm. He had now reach'd the inn by the way-side where he proposed having tea, to hoist in a fresh supply of grog and biscuit for the voyage. Crossing the threshold, and entering the passage, his ears were saluted with the vile discordant sounds of some one in a terrible passion. "Never throw hot water and ashes to windward," (says the old Tar, shortening sail.) "I'd sooner engage a squadron of fire ships than one woman in a rage." They're sure to have the last broad-side, even while sinking." He was putting about to stand off again, when a sweet voice, in plaintive supplication, struck upon his heart, and brought him up. "I was in reply to the vociferations of the termagant, and he remain'd backing and filling in the passage. "What, money—clothes—all lost, did you say? (exclaimed a rough strain'd throat, something resembling the complaint of a blacksmith's bellows and a flint-mill)—All gone, eh?—Yes, Ma'am, all—lost to me," replied a female, in tones which would have excited pity in any heart that claim'd the smallest acquaintance with humanity. "So you think that story will do, eh? (continued the first.) 'twont though, Missus, so you must tramp. I don't keep a house for vagrants, and such like."

"Indeed, indeed," (she true, the villains robb'd me of all, and I've walk'd many, many weary miles. Oh, but for a piece of bread, a little cold water!—can you deny me this? Indeed I've not been used to beg." "Why that's the way with all you canting creatures—all Indies, forsooth! Where do you come from?"—"Oh, Ma'am, I'm a wretched girl, yet I was once happy; sorrow has indeed reach'd me—lost, lost Lucy!"—"Ha, I see how it is! What, you've been with the fellows, have you? Why, you good-for-nothing!—there, get out of my house—get out, I say!"—"Can you have the cruelty to let me perish? Where—where shall I find compassion, if my own sex refuse it? Oh remember, that mercy—that pity is the attribute of angels!"—"Don't talk to me of angels, hussy! and as for tributes, there's asses, and taxes, and poor's rates enough—Out, I say! What, you want, eh? Here, John! Bet! where are you all? you pack of idle vagabonds! Here take this Miss and turn her out."—"Oh let me implore your pity; here humbly let me beg—This was too much for our honest Tar. Entering the kitchen he beheld the young girl, plainly but neatly dressed, on her knees before an old woman. The tears were running down her pale face, and she seemed fainting with fatigue and grief, while a man grasped one shoulder, a boy the other, and a maid-servant together, were attempting to force her up. "Yohoy, what's the matter here! (said the veteran, flinging the man to the opposite side of the room, and giving the boy a trip that laid him sprawling on the other.) Cowardly, lubberly rascals! what grapple a vessel in distress? And you, (turning to the Landlady) to stand looking on! Is this a christian country? For shame, old woman!"—"Old woman, forsooth! (exclaimed the now doubly exasperated Landlady)—Old woman, forsooth! What you takes the part of the young'un, eh? But she shall budge directly!"—"I say she shan't, then. Come here, pretty one, and nobody shall harm you while old Will Block can keep the weather-gage."—"Well, this is fine treatment too, in my own house! And you, ye rascals, who eat my victuals and take my wages to see it tamely! Lay hold of her I say!"—"Touch her if you dare," (says old Will, flourishing his stick,) and "I'll—Aye, that's right, keep off, for if you come athwart my house, blow my wig but I'll cut your cables!"—"Poor Lucy had got close to his side; but fearing her protector would be injured for his generosity, she entreated him to desist. "I am not worthy your notice, Sir,—only a drop of water, for I am very faint."—"Shall have the best of the house afresh, while I've a shot in my locker. Go, old Mother Squeezed-lemon, and get something for the poor child; don't you see she's all becalmed?"—"What, give my property to vagrants and wenches!—not I, indeed! Will you pay the reckoning?"—"Avast, old Grampus! think of this here when you stand at another bar, and the last great reckoning comes—how will you look then?—This will stand a black account against you, and what'll you have to rub it off with, eh? Go, get her a glass of wine."—"And who's to pay?"—"Wine, indeed!—get her some water, Jack," said the now alarmed Landlady, for Will's reflection, and the solemn manner in which it was uttered, operated powerfully on her conscience. "Have too, you porpoise-faced swab—none of your water; get us some wine, and the best in the house, too, d'ye hear. Why what's the lubber grinning at? Will this satisfy you, ye old she-dragon? (throwing his hand into his jacket-pocket, and drawing it out again fill'd with gold)—will this satisfy you?"—"The Landlady's countenance brighten'd up."—"Why if so be as how you means to pay for it, that's another thing. Well, well, I dare say you're a gentleman, after all. Come, child, (to Lucy.) I'm sorry I was so harsh, but it's only my way. There, run, John, and fetch a bottle of my best wine, and some of those nice sweet cakes—Stop, John, stop, I'll go myself for the poor dear."—"Ha, ha, ha! what a generous heart! (cried Will) how readily it expands at the voice of distress! (shaking his pockets.) Here's the key will unlock the flood-gates of her benevolence at any time, (holding up a guinea.) But come, pretty one, (drawing a chair,) sit down and rest."—"Oh, Sir, how shall I ever repay your bounty?" said Lucy. "Wait till I say you," replied Will, who felt hurt at the idea of being repaid. "Here, Miss, (said the Landlady, entering,) take this nice cake and wine, 'twill do you good. God bless your sweet face! why, do you think that I would go for to turn a hair of your head?"—"There, there's enough of it—no more palaver, I am agreed for that, you know; though I suppose you'll consider it in the bill."—"Luckily at this moment, to prevent the gathering storm, the bell rung violently in another room, and she disappeared. "Come, come, don't be backward, never mind an old sailor," (said Will.) Refresh yourself, and then 'twill be what I can do to serve you, speak as if I were your father!"—"Oh, Sir, don't talk of my father—

have fix'd a wound in his heart!"—"There, there, don't cry, I can't bear to see a woman's tears, it makes a fool of me; but tell me honestly all about it, for I've got to be at old Admiral M— by night."—"Of—Grove!" inquired Lucy, much agitated. "Why aye; do you know him?"—"No, Sir; but I have seen—I have been in company with his nephew; and again she burst into tears as if her heart would break. "Why aye, I see how it is; knock old Will down for a witch. I see how it is; this is some of Master Tomm's doings, eh? Zounds! (clenching his fist)—but no matter. And where are you come from?"—"From my father's, Sir."—"And who is your father?"—"Oh do not ask me; my name is Lucy B—."—"What the daughter of old B—that was in the *Temerale* as first Lieutenant?"—"Yes, I am indeed his wretched daughter."—"Zounds! why (starting up in a passion)—why, and has Tom dar'd—but don't be frightened—And so you have deserted your home and your poor old friend?"—"Spare me, Sir, spare me; if my father was indeed your friend, oh excuse his erring child!"—"Well, well, my upper works get crazy now—hardly able to weather the storm. But the villain that would betray innocents, and then abandon his victim—zounds!—but come, come along."—"I thought of going to the Admiral's, Sir."—"To be sure, to be sure, we'll be under weigh in a minute. Yet, Sir, perhaps he will not see me, or it may be injurious to his interests; and oh I would willingly die to serve him, for he has a feeling heart."—"A what! a feeling heart! Why are you here then? But come along, sweetheart!" and discharging the reckoning, they set off in company.

Of all the eccentric beings in this eccentric world, old Admiral M— was the most eccentric. He had risen solely by merit from the station of Cabin-boy to Vice-Admiral of the White; and 'twas ever his boast that he had never skulk'd in great men's pockets, nor been afraid to dip his hands in a tar-bucket. "I came in at the hawse-holes, (he would say,) and didn't creep in at the cabin windows." He had been known to absent himself from home for weeks together, and no one could tell where he went, or what had become of him, till his repeated acts of generous bounty discover'd the track he had taken. He would frequently return home without previous notice, enter the house unobserved, ring his bell, and order refreshments, as if he had never quitted it. Not an old Sailor that ever sail'd with him but was welcome to partake of his cheer; and those who had been his messmates previous to his mounting the uniform, (if of good character, but not so successful as himself,) always sat at his own table. Possessed of an immense fortune, which he was accusom'd to say was drawn from the Spanish *Stacks*, yet without children, for he was a bachelor, he had adopted his nephew, determined to leave him the bulk of his property. The young man, who readily and naturally of an amiable disposition, on this accession to his uncle's favor, associated with some of the dissipated characters of the day, and became tainted with their vices and follies. He had been introduced to the family of Lieutenant B— by a brother Officer, and that acquaintance which terminated so sadly for poor Lucy, was begun. Yet he passionately loved her; but fearing the condemnation of the Admiral, and the loss of his patronage, he had withdrawn himself from *Exeter* without ever bidding her farewell, choosing rather to immure himself from the world than break the oath he had pledged to Lucy, or disoblige his uncle by marrying without his consent, knowing that the old gentleman was ambitious for his nephew to look for a wife agreeable to the high prospects in view before him, and equally convinced that to thwart his inclinations would but annihilate all his hopes, and cast him adrift upon the world. Such was the state of affairs when Lucy left her home to endeavor to gain an interview with her lover, and fell in with old Will, who in early life, according to his own account, had sail'd with the Admiral, and was now going to pay him a visit, and see some of his old messmates, of whom the principal part of the household was composed. She had been plundered by some villains of all she possessed at day-break, but still continued her journey, till worn with hunger and faint with fatigue, she entered the inn and implored assistance.

The shades of evening fell on the landscape as they passed under the avenue of trees that led to Grove-House. Will having promised to exert himself in obtaining an interview between Mr. M— and his convoy, left her at a short distance, and proceeded onward. Almost overpowered by her reflections, and every pulse throbbing violently with agitation, she leaned against the trunk of a tree, expecting to see this being whom, next Heaven, she loved most tenderly. 'Twas now too dark to distinguish objects, but she could hear footsteps approaching, and she sunk without sense or motion to the ground. On recovery, she found herself sitting on a couch in a small room, and the old house-keeper, with other females, sedulously administering to her necessity. Her eye glanced wildly round for another object, while the old lady strove to soothe her mind; informing her 'twas herself who had discovered her in the avenue at the request of old Will. Refreshments were placed, of which Lucy partook sparingly, desirous of knowing, yet trembling to ask, whether Mr. M— was in the house, or had seen the worthy veteran, her kind conductor?

"Pray, Sir, (said the Admiral entering the room abruptly, and addressing his nephew,) Pray Sir, what does that man deserve who robs his friend of his dearest treasure—who, stealing into the confidence of a young and artless girl under the flag of affection, turns pirate and plunderer his prize with remorseless cruelty?" The young man sat petrified, for these questions were precisely according to his own feelings previous to the entrance of his uncle. "Answer me!" (exclaimed the Admiral, raising his voice)—"answer me directly!"—"I cannot, Sir, I am too deeply sensible of error!"—"Or what does he merit (continued the Admiral) who, contrary to the views of a relative that has raised him to opulence, first contracted himself to a young female, and then deserted her?"—"Infamy—infamy and disgrace (exclaimed the agonized M.)—I feel it all—all, and shudder!"—"You have judg'd right, Sir, your acquaintance with the poor distressed child of Lieutenant B— I have just received in formation of, and your own lips have condemn'd you."—"Not so much as my heart, Sir, (replied M—.) Pass what sentence you please, but oh suffer me to expiate my fault—do not drive me into desperation!"—"Tis well, Sir, you are convinced of your error; and ringing the bell violently, a servant appeared. "Order Mr. M—'s horse to the door." Then turning to the young man—"This is no longer a home for you; however you shall first have the satisfaction of facing the accuser; and again ringing the bell, directed another servant to introduce the stranger. No culprit ever stood more agitated than M— while these orders were given: he fixed his eyes upon the door in anxious expectation. But what were his feelings, what his agonies when Lucy herself appear'd! He would have rushed towards her, but his uncle caught him—

and in a voice that made the poor girl tremble—
"No, no, you would not again like a snake about
your victim? Would you once more sting a boy
whose only fault was loving a villain? Go, go,
you have forfeited all pretensions to my fa-
vour—you have degraded my name—you have
disgraced yourself. Go, and let me never see
your face again." This was too much for poor
Lucy; she had expected a private interview with
her lover, and imagined, when she quitted the
house-keeper's apartment, "that for that purpose
the folding doors of the drawing room were
thrown open, and she found herself in the pre-
sence of the Admiral. He was habited in an im-
mense cloak, that covered his whole person, and
his laced cock'd hat upon his head; but the sen-
tence was no sooner pronounced, than Lucy
knew before him imploring mercy. M. at the
same moment, threw himself by her side, caught
her upraised hand, joined it in his own, and of-
fered his petitions with tears. The old Admiral
clashed the tears from his eyes, and overcame by
the scene, grasped their united hands, and bless-
ed them. But who can express the astonish-
ment, the gratitude of Lucy, when, throwing off
his cloak and hat, he appeared before her as her
generous benefactor, protector, and guide—even
old Will Black!

European Intelligence.

SMYRNA, Jan. 10.—For the last three weeks we
have been in great agitation here. The Greeks have
got the dominion in the Gulf, and most of the ves-
sels loading here have discontinued their labors,
because the navigation of the Archipelago presents
no security. The European Consuls have address-
ed themselves in vain to the regency at Ipsara.
"A report prevails to-day of a great misfortune
for the Porte. It is said that the fleet which they
have been hastily equipping in the sea of Marmora,
for the protection of Smyrna, has been almost
totally destroyed by a violent tempest in the Dor-
danelles—five frigates and six brigs have been
thrown on the coast, and the rest made unfit for
use. This has spread incredible consternation
among the Turks. They considered this accident
as the punishment of Heaven. This new check
will augment the courage of the Greeks, and will
render our situation still more critical. During
these sad events, it is truly fortunate, however,
that there are no excesses committed either against
the Greeks or Franks."

PARIS, Feb. 13.—A horrible murder has just
been committed at Garmel, near Paris. Twenty
two robbers entered a farm house and murdered
the master and servants, to the number of eleven
persons. A little girl only ten years of age, es-
caped the misfortune, by hiding herself in a dog-
kennel. She recognized the voice of one of the
assassins as the farmer attached to the farm. On
the following day the Magistrate proceeded to the
spot.—The farmer's wife stated that her hus-
band had been absent several days; but a Gen-
d'arme, as he was going away, perceived one of
the farmer's children, and enquired where his father
was. The child replied—My Papa is busy with
some persons counting money in his cellar; and the
twenty two brigands were there taken into custody,
and committed to the prison of Versailles.

Messrs. Bridges and Dew, who are very large
brewers in Bristol, (Eng.) were lately fined in the
Court of Exchequer, five thousand pounds sterling,
for using adulterating and deleterious ingredients
in making their beer, and evading the duties.

A pugilistic contest took place near Coventry,
(Eng.) on the 14th of February, between two per-
sons of the name of Smith and Ellis. After a short
fight, Ellis was taken away so severely bruised
that he died the next morning.

The French papers announce the marriage of
Miss Zee, only daughter of the late M. Zee, of fi-
nancial notoriety, to a French Viscount and Lieu-
tenant-Col. in the army. She is stated to carry
with her a portion equal to 12,000 dollars per an-
num.

A woman named Berner, at Brussels, has been
delivered of three girls; eleven months previous
she was also delivered of three girls; so that in
less than twelve months she was the mother of
six children.

The French Journal of Sciences, on the authori-
ty of M. Vaux, states that the throwing of flour
of sulphur on the fire in the grate when the chimney
was on fire, instantly extinguished not only the
fire in the chimney, but a faggot burning near
the top of the chimney, which was hurled with
great fury when the sulphur was thrown on the
fire in the grate.

INCASSANT INCUBATION.

Last summer a turkey cock, the property of
Mr. Thomas Broad, of Pentlow, "took to set-
ting" and actually hatched no less than 38
hatched five goslings; then he took to a duck's nest,
and hatched 11 ducklings; next ascending a skep
which hung over his head, and driving away a hen
which had set therein a week, he hatched a fine
brood of 13 chickens; again, betaking himself to
a nest wherein eggs were laid daily, and sitting
closely for three weeks he hatched, one or two
in a day, as the eggs had been laid, 20 more; and
last of all, fixing himself again upon a duck's
nest, he hatched nine more. Thus ended the
summer labours of this extraordinary turkey
cock, who is now strutting about the farm-yard,
among his numerous tribes, with the authority
which his unwearied and patient perseverance to
bring them forth entitled him to his exercise.

The audience at the Liverpool Theatre were
amused last Monday by the performance of two
gentlemen—being, as is presumed, the "first ap-
pearance" of either "on any stage." In the
play bill of that evening, it was announced, that
"a gentleman of Liverpool" would be found "At
Home" in imitation of Mr. Mathews. Imme-
diately on the appearance of this imitator, his
indignant father leaping from a side box, applied
a good ash plant so vigorously to the shoulders
of the young aspirant for histrionic fame, that he
quickly vanished from the stage. The manager,
interposing, then came to his share of the indig-
nant parent's resentment, and had the honour of
receiving, in the face of the audience, *quantum*
of castigation. The father, whose feelings
were thus cruelly excited, is a mercantile gentle-
man of great respectability.

From the New York National Advertiser.

"How now, ye secret, black and midnight in-
sane!"

POLICE.—On Monday night, or rather Tues-
day morning, five young Tom and Jerry, of our
city, sallied out on a lark. It seems that they
had no fixed plan of operations, and were per-
fectly willing to amuse themselves in any becom-
ing way. They lamented that there were no
watch-boxes to overturn—no alms of the holy
land to visit—no Almacks in the east; but, taking
consolation under these disappointments, they
determined to do the best in their power for a
score—they all had their glass or two of red tape,
and appeared to have enough of the blint. They
commenced operations some where near the flow-
ery, by a variety of alight of hand tricks and tricks
of fancy, such as dismounting signs, over shop-
keepers' doors; tearing to pieces a few stop-
pages; breaking a miscellaneous lamp or two;
unlatching doors; taking down wooden
boards and gilt wooden clocks from the shops of
mechanics; the general derisive of the city, and the
disturbance of the watchmen's sleep. Thus em-
ployed, they paraded down Chatham street, up
George street, through Collect street, without
the least interference from the protectors of au-

peace and tranquility. One watchman, however,
kept his eye upon these hopefuls, and at an un-
expected moment he dashed in amongst them,
secured one, and the rest took to their heels,
and made good their retreat. At dawn of day,
our young Bob Logic was escorted into the Po-
lice; he looked about for Corinthian Tom and
his friend Jerry, together with the Hon. Mr. Tri-
fle and Sir Jeremy Brag, but they had deserted
him. The watchman told his story, and exhib-
ited sundry pieces of broken signs and tin sheets,
with black and golden letters, in corroboration
of his statement. "Why did you not take them
all, watchy?" said the magistrate. "I dogged
them all," said the watch, "and was afraid of
striking on the pavements for fear of alarming
them, and I was determined to catch as many as
I could; I seized this young one here and the
rest ran away." Bob Logic was respectfully in-
vited to the examining Bench. He looked a lit-
tle the worse for wear, as if he had not been used
to the bunks in the watch-house—his cravat had
an air of slovenly negligence in the tie—his hair
was matted and his eyes heavy. He snuffed up
a little, squinted and looked around with an air
of fashionable contempt. "What's your name?"
said the magistrate. "Bob Logic," said he, with
a twist of the nose, and a shake of the head, as
much as to say, "what's that your business?"
The magistrate then proceeded to put one of the
regular questions of the office to him—"How
do you live?" "Why," said Bob, "I live on my
money." This was brief and very much to the
point. The examination continued. Bob did not
deny the lark, but consoled himself that he was
in good company. After hearing both sides,
the magistrate, by virtue of the act in such
cases made and provided, fined him fifty-five dol-
lars, besides three dollars seventy-five cents
costs. His guaranty was sent for, and he planked
the cash, and Bob, with his hands in the pockets
of his Cosack pantaloons, and his hat on one
side of his head, went whistling out of the office.
Meal.—When you sally out on a spree to break
lamps and take down signs, be prepared to pass
the remnant of the night in the watch-house, and
be sure you have fifty or sixty dollars to pay the
penalty of the law next morning.

Some time ago the house of a captain of a ves-
sel, who resides in the Bowers, was robbed, and a
note left on the mantle piece, running thus—
"The Devil's compliments to the captain; and
he has only taken at this time, a jug of brandy,
a pair of candlesticks, &c.; but at his next visit he
will take the captain himself!"

It seems from the complaint of a lady yesterday
to the Police, that the house has again been rob-
bed. The Devil alluded to, had called according
to promise, but as the captain was at sea, he con-
sented himself by carrying away a trunk, containing
about 70 dollars in money, several valuable dress-
es, silver spoons, &c. The officers of Police have
gone in search of his Satanic Majesty, and we think
that as they are a match for him, he will soon
change his quarters to a more cool situation on
the borders of the North River. We expect that
he will return all the articles excepting the jug of
brandy.

LATEST FROM LAFAYETTE.

The following interesting Letter to Dr. THACHER,
the author of the highly interesting Journal of a
Surgeon in the Revolutionary War, is probably
the latest communication from LAFAYETTE (no
longer Marquis, since he disclaims the title) which
has reached this country.

LA GRAYE, January 12, 1824.
Dear Sir—Your most welcome favor of June
12th, and the precious gift, which accompanied it,
have been a long time on the way to me, but they
have been received with lively gratitude, and have
afforded me inexpressible delight. Old dear re-
collections, happy years, and beloved friends, have
at once reappeared before me. The form of a
journal is most pleasing to a contemporary brother
soldier, who loves to enjoy, day by day, every re-
membrance. I want words to tell you how happy,
how deeply interested I have been, in the perusal
and perusal of your excellent book; nor do I hesi-
tate to proclaim the impression it has made upon
me; although the particular kindness with which
I have been treated, ought to put me on my guard
against the charge of grateful partiality. I thank
you, my dear Sir, for the justice you have done
to my final love for our venerated Commander
in Chief, to the mutual affection, which bound
me to my companions in arms, and, namely, to
that dear light Infantry, many of whom are no
doubt still living to your part of America, although
so many of my brother Generals of the line are
now no more. I thank you for having related the
testimonies of good will with which I have con-
stantly been blessed by the People of the United
States and their Representatives. Nor can I re-
frain from thanking you for the quotations of some
expressions of a farewell speech to Congress,
which proves luckily adapted to the noble part
the United States are now taking in defence of American
Independence and Freedom against European
despotism and aristocracy. You move me, dear Doctor to the happy shores where
so many unutterable emotions await me. Far I am
from giving up the delightful hope. At this mo-
ment a sense of duty keeps me on the European
side of the Atlantic.

Your dedication to my excellent friend Bacons
has given the book additional merit for me. Re-
ceive the expression of my gratitude, attachment,
regard, and good wishes.

LAFAYETTE.

SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.

Some months since the Indiana papers contain-
ed an account of a girl of 13 years of age, from
whose face and under the eye "clots of blood"
would occasionally ooze, together with pieces of
cartilage and bone, leaving no mark or trace on
the face; the girl at the same time enjoyed good
health. Several eminent physicians witnessed this
extraordinary case, and one of them, Dr. Shuler,
of Vincennes, writes the following letter to Dr.
McChesney on the subject—
"Enclosed are specimens of bone and carti-
lage, with a clot, that were taken from the girl's
face. I regret I have no more to send you. I
think you will have received some before this
time, from Gen. Evans. The specimens I found
are smaller than most that made their appearance.
The largest of them owes its whiteness,
externally, to having been brushed, and is
smoother than most of those which I saw. All
the bones had some part of their surface smooth;
but this smoothness was generally on one side.
The cartilaginous substances appear when dry to
be of two kinds; the one pale and transparent,
and the other yellowish, and more opaque, as
you will find by examination. It is probable, I
think, if the cartilage and bone were properly
analyzed, they would be found to contain a lar-
ger proportion of gelatine than the regular bone
of the human body; and the yellow pieces espe-
cially to be composed principally of gelatine. The
clot enclosed is not a fair specimen, it being
smaller and of a darker colour than most of the
others. Many were of a dusky white and of a
fibrous structure. The shades of hue were various,
&c."

AMERICAN GENIUS.—A correspondent of the
National Intelligencer states that, "by information
obtained at the Patent office, it appears that nearly
a thousand dollars have been received for pa-
tents granted within this month; and Mr. Gilbert
Brewster, who spent six weeks lately examining
the various models, declared that he was aston-
ished at the ingenuity there exhibited. Mr. Brew-
ster also declared that the aid he received at that
office, by examining attentively the machinery,
has enabled him to perfect so much the art of
spinning it, to one per cent. It has never
been less than eight cents before, and during the
war it was 35 cents per pound."

CONGRESS.—The New York Statesman, speak-
ing of the present session of Congress, says, it
would be better that Congress should sit until the
1st of July, than adjourn without definitely settling
the tariff question. The Statesman also makes
this remark: "The agitation of the subject every
year induces ruinous speculation, which would
be avoided if a permanent system was established,
to enable manufacturers and merchants to make
safe calculations." The keeping the subject in
suspense from year to year, without being of any
sort of advantage to the manufacturers, is very
vexatious and embarrassing to the merchant. One
thing, however, is certain, that if the bill for a
revision of the tariff fails at the present session, it
will not be revived at the next, when there will
certainly not be time to act upon it. There are
persons who believe that the settlement of the
question now, on whichever side, will settle it for
ten years; that is, until the first Congress under
the next census. Is this view the question as-
sumes an importance which justifies all the time
spent upon it, where it thrice as much.

Excellent.—Mr. Tod, the author and champion
of the Tariff Bill, says the New York Commercial
lately declared in the apparently never-to-be con-
cluded discussion of that bill, that he considered
himself in the situation of the man in the front of
the Alamo—attacked on all sides. As Mr. T.
has appropriated to himself this honorable position,
the ingenious editor of the Charleston Courier con-
firms his title to it, by the following reference to
the various parts of the picture. "Mr. Tod will
be found to have a run over his head, threatening
him for his hostility to the golden fleece of the
country; under his feet are the fishes, showing his
enmity to commerce; on his right shoulder are
the ruins, commerce and agriculture, deprecating
his success; the crab is in the direction of his
heart, advising him to recede; the lion on the oth-
er side, daring him to advance; justice with her
scales, showing that he has been weighed, and
found wanting; the virgin with lifted arms, pro-
testing against the vices of Manufacturers; the
archer pointing at him the arrow of TELL; the scorp-
ion essaying his remorseless stings; the water-
man looking with distrust at his war on commerce;
and John Bull laughing in his sleeve at the noted
manufacturer, to whom the goat appears in the at-
titude of obsequiousness. As Mr. Tod has so happily
hit himself off, we cannot but circulate the por-
trait."

LATEST FROM LAGUYRA.

Captain Edwards of the schr. Abarrilla, arrived
at Baltimore, in 16 days from Laguyra, informs
that business at that place and Caracas was very
dull, and overstocked with all kinds of foreign pro-
duce and manufactures. Money was extremely
scarce, and consequently collections very difficult
to be made. The produce of the country, and
particularly cocoa was scarce and high. The coun-
try is mainly tranquil since the capture of Puerto
Cavella—merchants feel themselves more secure
in their persons and property than before. There
was no news of any importance from Bogota, or
from the interior. President Bolivar was in Peru,
and from his activity and the ample means placed
at his disposal, it was generally supposed the war
in that country, would soon be brought to a close,
and the Spaniards completely expelled.

The emigration of strangers, except merchants,
and others engaged in trade, was very limited—
Mechanics, such as carpenters, blacksmiths, hat-
ters, tailors, shoe makers, cabinet makers, &c.
would do well, and meet with encouragement;
particularly, if they could take with them three or
four industrious and steady apprentices, as in that
country none are to be procured.

General Rodriguez, avro, filled the office of In-
tendant of Venezuela, at it was reported he wished
to retire, being old and a man of large fortune.
General Sublette was in Caracas, and continued
to have the direction of the war in the depart-
ment of Zulia, Venezuela, and Orinoco. General
Rodriguez, who had been appointed Intendant of
Magdalena, had resigned all his offices and titles,
and wished to retire as a private citizen—he was
waiting for the compliance of his government to his
request. Gen. Paz was in the Apure, and was
not expected back until next May.

RIO JANEIRO.—By an arrival at Baltimore
from Rio Janeiro, we learn that there were ten
thousand barrels of flour on sale; and some fine
French flour had been offered at five and six dol-
lars, but refused. Two or three cargoes of wheat
had arrived weekly for the three weeks previous
to the vessel sailing, and a great deal more was
expected. Flour was selling at Buenos Ayres at
\$8—Hides in demand at 20 cents per lb.

A letter, lately received, states that the em-
peror still holds his authority at Rio de Janeiro. He
has dissolved the government of Bahia, and ap-
pointed a president and two secretaries to conduct
the affairs of the province.

By an arrival at Baltimore from Jamaica, pa-
pers have been received from thence, and con-
tain interesting intelligence from Peru. The
advices are to the 25th December.

The defection of Viva Agüero, and the suc-
cesses of Gen. Santa Cruz in the South, had pre-
vented the President Bolivar from opening the
campaign. The auxiliary division of Chili, given
up by the Director, opposing 1500 men, had
arrived at Callao, and was to be followed by 600
cavalry. Gen. Santa Cruz with a strong column,
remained at Arica, and with the efficient divi-
sions of Colonels Linz and Urdinenea from
the provinces of Upper Peru, kept the enemy in
check.

Col. Iparra, aid-de-camp to his Excellency the
Liberator, who has just arrived at Bogota from
Truxillo, brings account of the President having
been obliged in conformity with the resolutions
of the Congress, to employ force to put down
the faction of Viva Agüero; but that on his Ex-
cellency's approaching the troops destined by
Agüero for the invasion of Lima, one of the offi-
cers of the latter proclaimed their union with the
legitimate government of Peru, arrested it, Agüero
and Gen. Herrera, who commanded their
army, and delivered them up. In consequence
of this, the 4000 men composing this force were
united to the main body, and an end put to the
intestine discord that threatened the destruction
of the free portion of Peru. The two Chiles
before named have been conducted to Guayaquil
to be sent to the Isthmus, and from thence to Eu-
rope.

The Peruvian Government is now left to con-
tend against none but its external enemies, for
the extermination of whom the Patriots of Peru
will reunite their efforts, instead of employing
themselves in silly and fruitless cabals.

A flag of truce from the Spanish Authorities
in Jamaica had arrived at La Guayra, demanding
from the Intendant of Venezuela the Spaniards
and natives of the Camerica, who from the want
of means for travelling had been apprehended
by virtue of the law of expulsion.

On the 22d ult. his Majesty's ship Thetis,
Captain Sir John Phillimore, arrived at Havana
from La Vera Cruz having on board J. Ward, Esq.
who with Mr. Harvey, went out as Consuls to
Mexico.

It is confidently asserted that Mr. Ward is
charged with important despatches to the British
Ministry, pressing a recognition of Mexican in-
dependence, and that Mr. Harvey may be ap-
pointed Envoy, at the same time forwarding the
basis of a commercial treaty.

BERMUDA AND GOVERNOR LUMLEY.

By the British Packet, says the N. Y. Com-
mercial Advertiser, we have received the Bermuda
Gazette to the 20th of March, inclusive. Our
readers are not strangers to the difficulties that
have been excited in that colony, for years past, in
consequence of the conduct of Sir William Lum-

ley, the Governor, and the disagreements be-
tween him and the House of Assembly. Last
year the Knight was ordered home, to render an
account of his stewardship, but contrary to the
wishes of the people of Bermuda, he was sent
back with directions to resume his official duties.
But the storm has broken out afresh. The Ga-
zette informs us that a series of resolves, declar-
atory of various acts of mis-government and un-
just domination of Governor Lumley's adminis-
tration, and of his attempted invasions upon the
rights and privileges of the people, were passed
by the House of Assembly, on the 13th ultimo;
a copy of which, together with the message more
fully explanatory of their views, was presented
to his Excellency early in the week. In conse-
quence of these proceedings, Sir William desired
the attendance of the members at the Council
Chamber on Thursday, the 18th of March, when
he vociferated a speech, and then prorogued the
Colonial Parliament to the first day of the ensu-
ing month—at which time it will probably of
course be either further prorogued or dissolved.
At the conclusion of their resolves, the Assembly
said—

"Thus met in their very first step, with unex-
plained difficulties and fresh denials of their in-
herent and never before questioned rights, ac-
companied with an erroneous relation of facts,
as applied to the late Treasurer's Accounts, high-
ly censuring the Reports of Committees of for-
mer Houses of Assembly thereon—for the House
to proceed to business would be to expose them-
selves to a renewal of that course of system-
atic encroachment and reproach which was
experienced at the late House of Assembly;
—and from the experience which has been
had of his Excellency's disposition, and the recent
disclosure of his views, it would be an undertak-
ing utterly hopeless, for the House to attempt to
proceed in that cordial and confiding co-opera-
tion with him, so necessary to mature the im-
portant concerns of the Colony; and therefore,
under these trying circumstances, the only al-
ternative left to the House, and the community
at large, is patiently to wait until our revered
Sovereign shall be graciously pleased to grant
them relief."

AN ALGERINE.—The brig Sicily, Bradford,
at Boston, from the Mediterranean, when off Car-
thage, on the 17th of February, fell in with two
frigates, one of which hoisted American colors,
and ordered her to back the mainmast, and send
her boat alongside, which was done. Capt. B.
on boarding her, found by their turbans and wide
trousers they were not Americans. They were
very polite, and he was ushered from the gangway
through a file of servants, white and black, into
the after cabin, to the presence of a venerable
looking man, with a black beard, looking on a cus-
hioned sofa. His appearance was much like that of
a priest than the commander of a vessel of war.—
While asking the common place questions in such
cases, he was served with coffee, pipes, &c. by the
numerous slaves and servants. Was asked if we
had plenty of provisions for so long a voyage as to
Boston—if not, would with pleasure supply us
with any thing on board; and after wishing us a
good passage, Capt. B. left them, and proceeded
on his course. Capt. B. considered them Algerines.
—Boston Palladium.

HORRID MURDER.

The following melancholy details are from an
unquestionable source, and afford a strong view
of the depravity of human nature:

About the 20th of January last, Mr. James New-
ton, of Greenbrier county, Va. was murdered by
his own negro, a lad about 17 or 18 years of age.
The circumstances were these: Early in the morn-
ing the negro concealed himself in the barn floor,
behind a small door, until his master stooped to
enter through the door which he did unconscious
of danger; at this moment, the assassin gave him
the fatal blow upon the head with the poll of an
axe, which felled him to the floor, and on repeat-
ing the blows the axe either flew off the helve, or
broke it near the eye. The negro supposing his
atrocious design accomplished, carried the body
and threw it into a stable, behind a young wicked
horse; the body however manifesting signs of life,
he procured another axe, with which he crushed
the skull in the most shocking and barbarous
manner. He then went to the kitchen, changed
his clothes and reported to his Mistress, that the
young horse had killed Master James. The distress-
ing occurrence being known, the neighbors col-
lected in considerable numbers, and an investiga-
tion of the circumstances led generally to the
opinion, that the young horse had been guilty of
the murder; this impression was confirmed by the
fact of blood, brains, &c. being found adhering to
the logs and roof of the stable. Two gentlemen
present, however, were not fully satisfied on the
subject, and continuing their researches, found
blood in considerable quantity concealed under
the barn floor some feet from the stable; on ex-
amining the negro in relation to this appearance, he
endeavored to account for it by stating, that be-
ing unwilling to have his master's blood upon his
feet, he had wiped it on the straw, which he then
swept into the barn floor; they then enquired what
he had swept it with; he said the broom, which
they found sticking up near the wall, and bloody.

The villain gave as his reason for the murder,
that when he and his young Master were at a neigh-
bor's last fall, hussing corn, a dispute arose be-
tween himself and some person present, during
which his master ordered him to desist and be si-
lent: upon his refusing to do so, his master took
the liberty of slapping his jaws. This affront was
too great to be forgiven, and could only be wash-
ed out by blood.

Mr. James Newton and his sister Hannah, both
pretty well advanced in years and both single, had
supported unblemished characters, and had taken
pains to educate this negro, who with themselves
constituted the whole family. They lived on
Greenbrier River, some 6 or 8 miles from Lewis-
burg. On the 13th inst. the negro was to have
been executed at Lewisburg.

Extract of a letter from a highly respectable gentleman dated
New-Hill, Md. March 2d, 1824.

"A most shocking circumstance occurred near
this place last week. An attempt was made by
three ruffian slaves, to slay one of their own col-
or, which slaves, it appears, were concerned with
one Jacob Furness, a colored man, of a most infa-
mous character, notorious for every vice which
man can be guilty of; and who had been engaged
a long time, in the nefarious business of kidnapp-
ing. By some means, the object of their pursuit,
aware of the intentions of his pursuers, was at-
tempting his escape, when he was inhumanly mur-
dered by repeated blows while running. The vil-
lains were immediately arrested, and have made a
confession of the whole circumstance.

"The murderers after having caught their fugi-
tive, not aware of his being dead, while taking
him to Furness, who was at a place designated to
receive him, pounded him with cudgels, thinking
he was obstinate. When brought to Furness, he
hailed him exultingly, saying, 'he was the boy he
had wanted a long while. After repeating at-
tempts to restore him, thinking, it was only pre-
tence, he cast the dead body from him, uttering
at the same time, the shocking epithet of 'D—n
a dead negro,' and ordering his associates to throw

the body into the river immediately, and accord-
ingly done."

"After this execrable deed, the three ruffians
saw to it that the place, where the murder was
committed, was not known, and that the bodies
of the dead man, and of the three slaves, should
be buried in some distant place, and that the
murder should be kept secret, and that the three
slaves should be kept in the place, where the
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